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Beethoven Symphony, Mozart's "Turkish March," Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," and fantasia on Wagner's "Tannhauser," and was so well performed as to call out enthusiastic commendation from all. With the selection of Nicolai's overture many were not so well pleased.

Mme. Johannsen won golden opinions by her admirable school and smooth vocalization, exhibited in a selection from "Wm. Tell," a lullaby given in answer to its rapturous encore, and Schubert's charming "Serenade." Her voice was not in such admirable condition as at the Rullman concert, yet sufficiently under control to make her execution free, true, gracious, and remarkably acceptable to her public.

Mr. Letsch has previously, in concert exhibition, developed extraordinary virtuoso talent in executing difficulties upon a trombone, but his agility in this concert surpassed all preceding developments of his control over that rather elephantine instrument, which in Paris needed six independent valves, contrived by Sax, to make brilliant play upon it. He affects the tremolo effect too much, barring that, he may challenge competition here or elsewhere in trombone execution.

Mr. Heind's flute solo was a brilliant show of execution in variations, but he treated his theme inartistically, and his tone lacked mellowness and body, while his double tonguing betrayed too much spasmodic effort.

Mr. Arthur Matthison, of whom report spoke very warmly, was suffering from a sickness which attacked him on his first arrival in this country, consequently he did not do himself justice in any way, although his efforts were warmly received, and he won an encore for his first song. We hope to hear him when he has fully recovered his powers.

Mr. Colby's excellent accompaniments were in this concert marred by one blemish—not his own, however,—in a square piano forte slightly tuned down to accommodate the flute, as no strength or body of tone could be given to accompaniment, on such an instrument.

SACRED CONCERT AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The second concert given by Mr. Grover at his theatre on Sunday evening had a fair audience. That house is not remarkable for musical adaptation, but the effect of Mr. Neuendorf's excellent orchestral performances might be much improved by placing the musicians in front of the stage. Now their notes are scattered and lessened in force by position far back of the foot lights.

Mr. Grover secured a most competent conductor when he engaged Mr. Neuendorf, who, very youthful, is remarkably accomplished in that all important department of musical performance. He bounded into fame at Grover's German Opera last spring in the late

Academy of Music, and not a few were puzzled to account for the great ability he displayed there, in directing grand vocal and orchestral combinations, until they learned that Carl Anschutz had instructed him. At the Olympic Sacred Concerts he maintains that public confidence he then fully received, and has, we learn, upon Mr. Anschutz's recommendation, the conductorship in the grand Ristori performances at le Theatre Francais. With the material check to public estimation, interposed by the placing of his orchestra at the Olympic, there is, of course, less opportunity to bring out the nice effects and strong points of the works selected for their execution, but a general public would accept the orchestral part of the programme without demur.

Mesdames Rotter and Frederici and Messrs. Himmer and Weinlich filled up the spaces between the grand orchestra's performance in a satisfactory manner. All of them need the excitement of grand opera to develop their best traits in song, and lacking that stimulant, they treat music confided to their interpretation too coldly. The skeleton notes are given, but not the fitting color and warmth that should clothe them.

DRAMATIC.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The absorbing theatrical sensation, preceding Ristori's advent, was found in Barras's "Black Crook," produced by Mr. Wheatley at his elegant theatre, on Wednesday, September 12th, before a crowded audience of critical dilettanti, and every night since performed to similar masses of sensation lovers.

Its first performance, like most other spectacular pieces, which require intricate machinery to operate them successfully, ran on to 1½ A. M., but judicious pruning and skillful appliance of means to ends, brought the *finale* on Monday last not much beyond 11 P. M. The plot and literature of "Black Crook" are decidedly composite, its movement and general action revealing suggestions from "Der Freischutz," "Faust," and other similar works of *diablerie*, while its dialogue wears a very patchy, inelegant, and repulsive aspect.

The unquestioned success of this grand spectacular drama arises from the marked interest for the public ear which beautiful conceptions and really admirable treatment of them on canvass, or with trick devices, fine groupings, and grand tableaux, invariably excite with our public.

Its first scene propitiates all vision with its admirable presentation of natural beauty; the fifth augments visibly, that favorable impression. The fourth scene of act second is a revelation of refined art, wrought gracefully out in a set, which for combination of good effects rarely can be equalled upon our stage. All harmonizes and blends perfectly to realize an exquisite taste and fancy in device. The great scene of the third act is another brilliant instance of refined art, worked into effective presentation of a situation needful to the plot and movement of a weird drama. The closing scene realized in beauty, skillful adap

tation to stage effect, and combination of ethereal with earthly loveliness, all those preparatory laudations which had followed it from London.

The scenes we have named are sufficient in their presentation to secure a success for any piece, and the enthusiastic demands for another glimpse at the finale sets, conclusively prove the intense public favor which awaits their exhibition. Beside these admirable combinations for scenic effect, the truly grand ballet corps, headed by Sangalli, Bonfanti, and Righl, is so far in advance of such demonstrations in New York, that pleasurable excitement emanates from their combination with exquisitely beautiful scenery in such extraordinary amount as to make success for the "Black Crook" a positive certainty.

In connection with the interlude and ballet music, we have to remark that much of it falls below its aim, neither amusing the waiting audience or putting the dancers in their best light before them. Mr. Baker usually arranges interesting music, and for accompaniment to dancing contrives efficient harmony, but we cannot accept his offerings here as equal to his own reputation, or the exigencies of each situation for the ballet. There is some excuse for such inadequacy in that to be found in the inadequate orchestra which interprets his ideas, yet with that allowance he falls short of the brilliant opportunity afforded. The "Pas des Sabots," "Pas des Fleurs," "Pas des Nudes," "Pas des Demons," "Pas Espanol," and "Dance des Amazons," develop in brilliant and generally satisfactory exhibition the capabilities of Jarrett and Palmer's great ballet troupe, the latter captivating the public eye more intensely than any other by his novel and effective working under Costa's personal supervision.

Opinions and fancies differ widely in respect to Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer's three principal danseuses, who are styled "Premier Danseurs Absolutes," the popular ideal being Sangalli, while those who judge by artistic rules prefer either Bonfanti, that fairy executant, or Righl, as more thoroughly accomplished in their art. While assenting to hearty praise of all three in concerted ballet movement, we consider Bonfanti to be the very impersonation of grace, lightness, and truth in rapid execution, where she approaches Fanny Elser more nearly than any celebrity in dance we have witnessed, since that peerless danseuse set this country in a blaze of enthusiastic rapture, by her wonderful combination of all the great qualifications for a Premier Danseur Absolu.

The "Black Crook," now that its playing time has been substantially brought within three hours, will undoubtedly run successfully for months to come, and may surpass "Rosedale" both in number of performances and contributions to its manager's treasury. Mr. Wheatley has deserved success, by putting a brilliant spectacle on his stage with all requisite accessories; so the rush to see it and the great accessions to his bank account which follow each night of the "Black Crook," will be graciously viewed by that public he worked hard to propitiate.

NEW YORK THEATRE.—On Monday evening last, Messrs. Smith and Baker produced the popular fairy extravaganza, "The Beauty and the Beast," prefaced with a lively one scene farce, "A Regular Fix," in which Mr. Rankin displayed

considerable comic talent and wonderful facial semblance of Lester Wallack. This revival of an old extravaganza is quite meritorious in respect to its first and last scenes, the latter rivalling in beauty the display at Niblo's Garden, in miniature. The music interwoven by Mr. Eichberg shows the same clever adaptation of compositions by other composers, which made "The Doctor of Alcantara" so acceptable here and elsewhere. Mrs. W. Gomersall admirably impersonates the Beauty, and justifies by her graceful, animated action, and neat, fluent vocalization, that remarkable popularity which in Boston she readily acquired. Mr. John Farley never sang as well in our hearing as in the music allotted to "The Beast," and enacted the part cleverly enough to warrant him a place as first tenor in English opera. Messrs. Smith and Baker, as Pump and his clerk, gave those characters excellent embodiment, while their buffo singing answered the intended purpose in designing them.

If the adapter or reconstructor had given proper attention to his local allusions, so that New York and London should not be constantly mixed up in the dialogue which located the scene, very slight cause for dissatisfaction could be found in this first attempt upon English operetta at the New York Theatre

LAUREL HOUSE, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS,
September 10th, 1866.

Dear Mr. Watson:

I send you a few extracts from a very beautiful and interesting letter which mamma has just received from her artist friend, the lovely and accomplished widow of Richard Hildreth, the historian, and late American Consul at Trieste. You will remember that Mr. Hildreth died a year ago in Florence, where Mrs. Hildreth has since resided, with her only child, a talented youth of eighteen. I wish that mamma would consent that I might send the letter entire to you, but she thinks that that portion in which Mrs. Hildreth speaks of the vicissitudes and sorrows occasioned by Mr. Hildreth's declining health and death, is too holy for publication.

I wish that I could tell you that I am not home-sick to see my dear friends—that my heart is light and hopeful,—but it is heavy with the weight of autumn leaves. I wade ankle deep in dying leaves, and sometimes I can hear only the rustling, which tells me that the soul of summer is departed. Then my buoyant eyes discover on the surface, colors bright enough to light me to Heaven, where I want to go. You know, dear Lily, the significance of this poetic figure, and that it is no romance. I am full of desire and designs to achieve, but I find that my energies are dulled by sad memories of the past, and fears for the future, yet I try not to be morbid. I am less so now than I was however.

No lover of Art can come to Europe, to Italy, without falling into a kind of enchantment, and Arthur and I have tried in vain to think of a season for returning to dear America, the true home of the true soul, where so many of our heart friends are passing away, and so many have gone. It half takes away my life, but I have much to do before I go home, if my health will permit—things that seem imperative to do here.

I find myself talking on and on, and still I have more to say. I would talk of the beautiful glories of Florence, of the banks of camellias too pure

to need perfume, the hedges of roses and hawthorn, the jasmins and oleanders, radiant as an autumnal sunset,—the landscape with its cypresses, and abrupt tree tops, which it seems to me that I have seen from my childhood. I would speak of Fiesolis, of Vallambrosa—that paradise of the happy Bernardines, where you would always wish to stay,—whose beauties of brook and mountain have charmed the souls of Ariosto, Milton, Lamartine and the Brownings—not to speak of others. Mrs. Browning mentions it in the latter part of her "Casa Grindis windows;" she has also written a little poem which often used to make me weep—it is called "To a child's grave in Florence." It was the child of Count C—. One day I was looking at his more private pictures, when I noticed a little fair-looking bust, standing upon some roses. I said, "What sweet face is this?" The Countess answered, "It is our little Lily." The Brownings were quite intimate with them. They have an excellent portrait of Mrs. Browning, which I intend to copy, as well as a Giorgione. They are charming people, and give pleasant entertainments. The Count is an artist; his palace is filled with pictures, and every tasteful thing. The Countess sings Scotch songs, loves her family, and is every way charming. You would admire her—her heart is full of love.

Yesterday Arthur and I took a delightful walk up the mountain to the villa Bello Sguardo, from whence I could look down upon the superb city of Florence, with its massive towers, palaces, and countless villas lying cradled at its feet. Here we had a most spacious view of the distant mountains and sunny valleys. Finding the country so enchanting, we prolonged our walk far up the bright green hills to the highest point, where we had a far more extensive view. Here Galileo lived, observed, and became blind. I do not wonder that his eyes were dazzled, living between two such glories as Heaven and Earth. Descending the mountains, we met an old mendicant Friar, carrying a well filled bag in his hand. We said to him, "Come sta?" "Non c'è male," he replied. He had been successful, and the world looked bright to him.

Mr. Hart* comes often to see me: I cannot tell you what a good friend he has been to me. We always speak of you. I am always writing to you. The last time he came, he said, "Have you written to Mrs. C—?" I answered "Yes," with great assurance. "Have you sent it?" he inquired. I held up my hands, but made no reply: the letter had not been sent. He says that he would write to you, but that I tell you all the news. He knows that I will tell you what he would not—that he is making the loveliest marble group that the world ever saw. It is a woman, in her highest state of development; the spiral line is carried through the figure. If he succeeds in giving to the face the perfect beauty that the form demands, his name will live beyond mortality.

I wish that I could tell you what Europe has been to me in every respect. I feel as though I had been born again, and I know not when I should have been lifted, had not the dark ballast of the keenest earthly sorrow sat under my wings. God's will be done in all things!"

CECILIA.

*Joel T. Hart, the eminent American Sculptor.

Constantinople's principal theatre, valued at ten million piasters—that sounds large but counts in gold moderately—has been destroyed by fire.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1866.

MY DEAR WATSON:

Of all the inflictions imposed upon mankind, I think that confinement to a sick room is one of the greatest—there is something so intensely dismal and stupid in being cooped up in the house like a refractory chicken—and the stern face of the doctor, as he denies me the privilege of going out into the fresh air, assumes an expression of fiendish glee quite worthy of Mephistopheles, or any other evil minded or evil disposed personage. Now doctors, as a general thing, are a very pleasing and agreeable set of people, and my particular doctor is the very prince of Esculapians; but there is something so cruelly and particularly aggravating in the quiet way in which he cracks his medicinal jokes, and, to console me in my misery, tells me that in a month or so he thinks I will be able to walk around the block, that at times I am sorely tempted to throw a book at his learned head, or do some other deed of desperation to let him see that his patient is not quite so weak as he supposes. But, for all this, he is a very good doctor, (as doctors go,) and I have managed to keep on the right side of him famously, so that, as a sort of sop, I suppose, for my good behavior, he has been giving me quite palatable medicines, and I begin to think that doctors are not the fiends in human form that they are made out to be.

But a jolly doctor and palatable medicines are but poor consolations for confinement to a sick room, and especially to a dramatic critic, whose very existence—that is mental existence—depends on the atmosphere of the theatre, and the glare of the foot lights; and as I sit in my invalid chair and read my invalid newspaper, while I sip my invalid coffee, and with invalid eyes read advertisements of theatrical novelties and successes, I feel inclined to exclaim with that far from amiable Scottish monarch who figured some years back: "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it." But unfortunately too unhappy results might follow such a proceeding: in the first place, I am the fortunate possessor of an exceedingly handsome Skye terrier, and I am fully convinced that the physic, which is very well suited to my complaint, would hardly agree with a fine, able bodied dog suffering with no complaint at all under the sun; and in the second place, such conduct would get me entirely out of the doctors' good graces, and the natural consequence would be more physic, and most probably nasty physic—now if there is anything that I detest, dread and abhor, it is nasty physic—so, with true philosophic spirit, I pocket my indignation and swallow the physic.

And here I am, gazing out into the busy street, longing to be once again, as "Minette" has it, under "the deep, calm summer sky, without a shadow of waving boughs, or even a floating cloud, to come between its stainless blue and me." But let me wish so much as I ever may, I must be content with the four walls of my sick chamber, and, for the present at least, give up all hopes of getting out into the fresh air of Heaven or the theatric air of the drama, for doctors always have been and always will be doctors, and sickness always has been and always will be sickness, and so long as both exist on the face of the earth, just so long will unhappy mortals be con-

demned to the miseries of a sick chamber; and as there is no law, celestial or terrestrial, making dramatic critics aught but mortal, it is naturally to be inferred that they are to suffer with the rest of mankind, though I warrant me that were their feelings to be consulted on the matter, they would one and all pronounce it to be a great shame.

Don't imagine, however, that because I am confined to a sick room I receive no intelligence of "Matters Theatric." Far from it. I have received visits from friends who have wept—and are not ashamed to acknowledge it—over Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle,"—have seen enthusiastic old and young gentlemen go into extacies over the ballet and scenery of the "Black Crook,"—have heard glowing accounts of Col. Watson's "Charlatan,"—and justifications of my criticism of Brougham's Capt. Cuttle, which is, by all odds, the worst piece of acting in that talented gentleman's list of characters—have heard good accounts of Edwin Adams' performances at the Broadway Theatre, and, if the gentleman has but continued in the course of improvement which he was following while playing with Miss Bateman some seasons since, they must be just, for he promised then to become a thoroughly excellent and artistic actor. So you see that I am not altogether in the dark as to what is going on in the charmed, and to me charming, circle of the theatres. Then again, kind hands bring me, now and then, copies of the "Programme," and I devour its contents with all the relish of an epicure over his favorite dish. *Apropos* to the "Programme," I came across an article in the last number of that sheet relative to the rise and popularity of burlesque acting in London, according to which, some half a dozen of the London theatres have adopted burlesque as a specialty, and are doing a thriving and flourishing business. Now, why should not some of our New York theatres adopt the same line? True, burlesque is not the highest branch of the dramatic art; but there is no denying the fact that people go to the theatre now-a-days for the purpose of being amused, and from no real love of acting or from any true admiration of the actor's art; now most people can understand, appreciate and laugh over a good, rollicking burlesque, and in the name of all that is sensible and money-making, why dont some of our managers take the hint from their London *confreres*, and adopt this line of business, thereby ensuring good houses and plethoric coffers? Mind you, I would not have indifferent burlesques presented to the public; but really good, witty productions, such as our own Brougham or Byron of London are capable of writing. Then again, the "classical burlesque," so popular in England, is something entirely unknown to the American public, and produced with good acting and proper accessories would be sure of making "a hit—a palpable hit." We had some taste of this in "Ixion," played a short time since at the French Theatre, but it was so poorly and carelessly produced that the natural consequence was a failure; still the play was full of wit, and was moreover well acted, and had but proper care been expended on it would, without doubt, have been a great success. The American people are great lovers of fun, and let

the subject be ever so serious, they are more apt to view it in a ridiculous light than in any other. Hence, it is my firm conviction that had—one of our metropolitan managers the courage and energy to devote his theatre to burlesque, that the novelty of the thing, if nothing else, would ensure to him unbounded success.

But sick people are proverbially stupid and prosy, and I fear that I am falling into the same bad courses; so let me, with all due decorum, close this rather lengthy and exceedingly rambling epistle with the sincere hope that the doctor's predictions may turn out false, and that before the month is out I may be out too, and visiting again my old familiar haunts, the theatres, and be able to revel once more in the delights of criticism; 'till then, my dear Watson, and most estimable and courteous reader, adieu!

SHUGGE.

ART GOSSIP.

"La Bella Trasteverina" is the title of a marble bust now on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery. As its title indicates, this is a type of the noblest of Roman or Italian women, and though not a portrait of any individual Italian woman, it being an ideal, yet sufficiently characteristic of the Roman race as to give the idea that it is a portrait of one of those Roman women, whose noble deeds and virtues, history so copiously records. The side view, or profile of this head is very fine. The high forehead—the aquiline nose almost Roman—the well chiselled lips, and rounded chin—all so beautifully curved, together with the expression of the whole, present a type of woman that is indeed the equal if not the superior of man. A type of woman that raises man to the dignity of a God—and frees him from all base and sensual passions—a type of woman that is, truly, the fit mate for man, being his comforter in distress, and his hope as well as his ambition for the future. The entire modeling of the bust is good; there is none of that stiffness and hardness which is so generally observed in works of this kind. The lines are flowing, and the marble is so chiseled as to do away with the hard cold look, and give the impression that something animate, a living woman is before us. Cordier is the sculptor's name—we believe he is a Frenchman.

A picture painted by L. R. Mignot, of this city, but who has been a resident of London for the past few years, is favorably noticed by the *Athenæum*. The subject is a view of the Falls of Niagara, as seen from the Terrapin Tower.

A bust of Mulready, the celebrated painter, who was born in the year 1786 and died in 1863, has been modeled by Weeks, (an English sculptor of some repute), and has been placed on a pedestal in the entrance hall of the National Academy, London.

A monument to the late Count Cavour is to be erected at Florence. Dupré, a French sculptor, is to execute it, and for which he is to receive the nice sum of 600,000 francs.

Judging from the names of the painters and sculptors that are to execute the work in the new grand Opera House of Paris, it will be an academy of fine arts in itself. Baudry, Boulanger, Barrias, Delaunay, Gérôme, and Pils, are to execute the paintings on the interior, and amongst the sculptors employed are Carpeaux,

Denecheaux, and Bruyer. If Congress would only take a lesson in art from this grand Opera House, they would pass a resolution to destroy all the fearful monstrosities, which, at present disgrace the walls of the Capitol, and then employ our best artists and sculptors to paint, and to model events and scenes descriptive of American history—but to our subject, it is said, that the designs for the internal decorations which have been submitted to the judgment of Garnier, the architect of the Opera House, amount to several thousands in number. The medallions, busts, and statues of eminent composers, poets, and dramatic writers, which are to adorn the building, will number over fifty works.

Meissonnier, the celebrated French artist who finishes his pictures so highly, is reported as having made proposals to decorate the interior of the New Grand Opera House of Paris, by painting colossal works on the walls of the saloon, in the rear of the Emperor's box. It is to be presumed he can wield a brush the size of a white-wash brush, as readily as he can the minute sable pencil.

The covered passage between the Palazzo Vecchio and the Pitti Palace in Florence, has been opened to the public, it contains a variety of art-treasures, comprising paintings, tapestries, and an important collection of drawings by the old masters belonging to the Uffizi, but which from want of space has never before been exhibited.

Foley's statue of the late Lord Herbert, has been successfully cast in bronze at the Phoenix Foundry, Southwark, recently.

The largest picture in the world, at present known, is on the ceiling in the Hall of Hercules at Versailles, by Francois Lemoine, containing 142 figures, and being 64 feet long, and 54 broad, without being divided by any architectural interruptions.

Miss Durant, an English sculptress, who has been commissioned by Queen Victoria to execute a monument to the memory of the late King of the Belgians, has completed the clay model. The builder describes it thus. The King is represented as stretched on the bed of death, by the side of which lies crouched, but with head erect, the Belgian lion on whose shaggy mane the hand of the departing King has dropped, and rests in quiet strength. On the other side of the couch stand two guardian angels presenting two shields with the arms of England and Belgium.

The monument in the middle of the square of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers is finished. It consists of a column of Jura granite, resting on a pedestal of white Echaillon stone, and is to be surmounted by a statue in bronze of Victory. The four sides of the pedestal will bear inscriptions recording victories won by the French troops during the Crimean campaign.

The New Royal Academy, about which there has been considerable discussion in the English papers as to the best site for the New Academy has been determined on. The Burlington House, and gardens adjoining, will form the site for the new building. It will contain besides offices, student's room, and library, permanent galleries of art, always open to the public. Something we would recommend to the managers of the band-box affair in Twenty-third Street to imitate by establishing a permanent exhibition of works of art, so that the public could go there at any season.